

school teachers have been missed very much lately. One is caring for a sick niece out of the city, another sickness at home. We trust that Jesus will heal and soon they will be attending to their duties again. One encouraging feature in our work of late is the attendance at prayer meetings, best of all.

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THE CULTURE OF THE GRACE OF GIVING

(This concludes the article on the "Grace of Giving" from the *Missionary Review* by A. T. Pierson.)

One of the awful facts is that there has been a decline and decay of liberality in the churches. While the membership increased in thirty years three and a half times, there was a decided falling off in the rate of giving, and while the total of gifts increased four times, the amount given by each converted believer went down to about one-half.

God wants *self-denying* giving. Who can look at the Japanese temple, with its coil of rope,—larger than a ship's hawser, and weighing a ton and a half, made from the hair of Buddha's worshippers, and used to lift timbers and stones to their places in the temple building,—without feeling the rebuke implied to our self-sparing gifts? The wealth of church members in Protestant communions is, by the census, at least \$10,000,000,000. Their contributions average one-sixteenth of a cent for every dollar, or one dollar in about \$1,600.

What a sacrifice of vanity was that when the women of Israel gave their metal mirrors to be melted down and recast for the laver of the holy court. As surely as the barnacles ate their way into the oak timbers of the *Albatross* and sank her, selfishness eats into and destroys Christian character. Mr. Spurgeon had a contempt for all parsimony, and occasionally thundered anathemas against it, and again pelted it with ridicule. One morning he said of some unwilling givers that they squeezed each shilling until the queen's head was well nigh obliterated. The Abbe Roux keenly remarked, that "It is not as far from the heart to the mouth as from the mouth to the hand," meaning that many who talk generously give stingily.

On the other side of the sea I found examples of disproportionate giving very rare in this country—giving which would be thought by most people quite out of proportion to their selfish indulgence. For example: *First case*—A governess, out of the £100 that she earns, keeps £50 and gives the other £50 away. Like Zaccheus, she says: "Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor." *Second case*—"One whose income is £2,000, lives on £200 and gives £1,800 away," thus parting with not only one-tenth, but with nine-tenths of what is received. *Third case*—"Another, who earns £1,500 a year lives on £100 and gives £1,400 away," and thus £14 out of every £15 are devoted to the claims of religion and charity. *Fourth case*—"Another, whose income is £8,000, lives on £250 and gives the balance away." What a balance to part

with: £31 given back to God out of every £32 received from Him! Mr. Gladstone's brief eulogy of Mr. Peabody was: "One who taught us the most needful of all lessons: how a man may be a master of his fortune and not its slave." There is one lesson even more needful—namely, that we should learn that no man can assume to be the "master of a fortune" without virtually disputing the fact of his stewardship.

God wants *consecrated* capital for consecrated work. When Theresa felt the need of a hospital, she had but three farthings, but she began to build, for while "Theresa and three farthings were nothing, God and three farthings were incalculable."

God wants *conscientious* and *systematic* giving. Stonewall Jackson, on the day after the second battle of Bull's Run, in the midst of all the feverish excitement of the war, inclosed his contribution for missions, due on the Sabbath. As he could not be present, he could not neglect the offering.

If one is content to appropriate a certain *proportion* to benevolent work, let him be sure the proportion increases as the wealth accumulates. More than half a century ago, Nathaniel Cobb sat down in his counting-house in Boston, and wrote the following solemn covenant:

"By the grace of God, I will never be worth more than fifty thousand dollars. By the grace of God, I will give one-fourth of the net profits of my business to charitable and religious uses. If I am ever worth *twenty thousand dollars*, I will give *one-half* of my net profits; if I am worth *thirty thousand dollars*, I will give *three-fourths*; and the *whole* after fifty thousand dollars. So help me God, or give to a more faithful steward, and set me aside."

This covenant he subscribed and adhered to with conscientious fidelity as long as he lived. On his death-bed he said to a friend, "By the grace of God, nothing else, I have been enabled, under the influence of these resolutions, to give away more than *forty thousand dollars*. How good the Lord has been to me!"

We should begin the ministry of money when we have but little. As the Persian proverb says:

"Do the little things now;
So the big things shall by and by
Come asking to be done."

Scriptural giving is worship, and so every worshiper of God must be one of God's givers, whether rich or poor. The mites God values as much as the millions, if they mean prayerful, and devout, and worshipful giving. Dr. Howard Crosby used to say, "The poor man should no more omit giving, on account of his poverty, than the illiterate his praying because of his bad grammar."

It is more blessed to give than to receive. When disciples learn the true ministry of money, the privilege of giving will swallow up the obligation. To ask unbelievers for gifts to carry on God's work, or even to urge believers to give, is not God's way, and neither will be done by a church that is devout and truly consecrated. Nor will a few large givers be permitted to do all the giv-

ing, as tho it were by the *amount* given that the total is to be estimated

When we understand our stewardship, we shall see that every dollar belongs to God. Dr. William Kincaid says: "A friend of mine was receiving some money at the hands of a bank officer the other day, when he noticed, depending from one of the bills, a little scarlet thread. He tried to pull it out, but found that it was woven into the very texture of the note, and could not be withdrawn. 'Ah!' said the banker, 'you will find that all the government bills are made so now. It is an expedient to prevent counterfeiting.' Just so Christ has woven the scarlet thread of his blood into every dollar that the Christian owns. It can not be withdrawn; it marks it as His. My brother, my sister, when you take out a government note to expend it for some needless luxury, notice the scarlet thread therein, and reflect that it belongs to Christ. How can we trifle with the price of blood?"

How beautiful is the myth of Elizabeth of Hungary, the pioneer saint, martyr? How, when carrying in her robe, supplies of food for the poor, when her husband pressed her to know what was the burden she was bearing, and opened her robe, he saw only heaven's red and white roses, and was dazzled by the supernal glory of her face. In God's eyes how many of our simplest gifts for His poor are really celestial blooms full of a holy fragrance, as the sweet smell of incense!

We must be brought into such vital and habitual sympathy with God that we shall see this lost world through His eyes. That would solve every problem. We should then learn how to *pray*, for we should share in the travail of the Son of God; we should yearn to *go*, for the want and woe of mankind would draw us as it drew Him; and we should find it easy to *give*, and correspondingly hard to keep. In harmony with God each soul will say, as Christ said: "Lo I COME TO DO THY WILL, O GOD!"

Our Dead

LAKE.—Richard C. Lake was born March 27, 1815, in Monongalia Co., West Va., in 1837. He came to Indiana and April 16, 1844, was married to Miss Nancy Middleton and settled on the farm where he lived until his death which occurred July 26, 1898, aged 83 years and 4 months. Of the immediate family the deceased leaves a wife and four sons to mourn the loss of a father. There are 18 grandchildren and 3 great-grandchildren. Father Lake has two brothers and two sisters left on this side of the river waiting for the boatman.

Father's ties and affection for his family were strong, and he was ready and willing to assist them in any way possible for him to do. He was honored and respected in the community where he lived.

I have spent many pleasant hours in the home of father and mother Lake. In former years his home was the preacher's home, but the scenes have changed, time has wrought